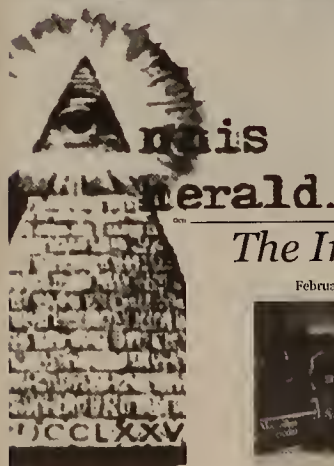


The Innis Herald

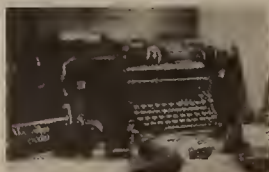
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Issue 2

HAPPY 40th BIRTHDAY INNIS COLLEGE: WE SUBMIT TO YOU

The Year in Review(s)

The Dalai Lama at UofT by Jennifer Scott

The Dalai Lama will be visiting Toronto at the end of this coming April to confer the Kalachakra Initiation, one of the most important of the Buddhist rituals and teachings. During this time, he will be receiving an honorary doctorate of law at a special convocation ceremony at the University of Toronto. He will also be awarded the International Acharya Sushil Kumar Peace Award.

His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama, Tenzin Gyatso, was born in 1935 in northern Tibet and was recognized as the reincarnation of the 13th Dalai Lama at the age of two. He is the spiritual and the political leader of the Tibetan people, and has been living in exile in Dharamsala, India, since 1959. Since then, he has continuously and whole-heartedly represented the Tibetan people and fought for Tibet's freedom through non-violence. The Dalai Lama's commitment to peace and non-violence has been recognized internationally, and in 1989 he was awarded the prestigious Nobel Peace Prize.

For over half a century, the Dalai Lama and the Tibetan people have been working to obtain religious freedoms and political autonomy from China. And for over half a century, they have been promoting their cause peacefully, while those still living in Tibet continually face violence from China's People's Liberation Army (PLA). Since the invasion of Tibet by the communist Chinese in 1949, over a million Tibetans have died. Presently in Tibet, there is no freedom of speech, religion, or press. To show a picture of the Dalai Lama in public is forbidden. Tibetans are arrested and imprisoned without trial, and sometimes tortured or

executed. The resettlement of the Han Chinese into Tibet by the Chinese government has made the Tibetans a minority in their own land. They have been marginalized economically and are, in effect, second class citizens. The Chinese government has also wreaked havoc on Tibet's fragile environment through extraction of natural resources, extensive deforestation and dumping of nuclear waste.

Presently, the international community has put minimal effort to pressure China to improve its human rights record. And with China's successful economic reforms and rising global power, it is ever more vital that world leaders urge the communist regime to participate in vast social changes as well. World leaders should also urge open dialogue between the Chinese government and the Tibetan government-in-exile. Although discussion has begun between the two groups, development has been slow and international support will be needed to ensure success and fairness in the negotiation process.

The Dalai Lama's honorary degree ceremony will be Tuesday, April 27 at 4pm at Convocation Hall. His Holiness will be in Toronto from April 25 to May 5 to lead the Kalachakra Initiation. For more info visit www.kalachakra2004.com.

To show your support or learn more about the Dalai Lama and the Tibetan cause, please contact the Students for a Free Tibet campus group at sft_utoronto@yahoo.com. Students for a Free Tibet (SFT) is a non-profit organization that educates young people about human rights violations in Tibet and translates this awareness into positive action.

Tuition Freeze Still Up In Air by Clare Tattersall

While university students scramble to hand in their final essays and begin studying for exams, many soon to be high school graduates wait patiently for university acceptance letters. Once accepted, freshmen will have to face the reality of their coveted education; a university degree is extremely expensive. In Ontario the average undergraduate tuition fee was \$4,923 in 2003. High tuition fees and OSAP restrictions, combined with fewer available spots, have raised concerns about accessibility. University is no longer a right for the masses, but a privilege for the wealthy.

Ontarians have watched university tuitions skyrocket in the last decade. Ontario's average undergraduate tuition fee is only second to Nova Scotia's, whose average tuition is \$5,557 per year. Ontario's tuition fees have more than doubled since the early 1990s. In 1992 the average undergraduate tuition fee was \$1,872. From 1992 to 1999, tuition fees rose by 9.6% per year. In the last few years the rate of increase has slowed to an average of 3.9% per year. Tuition hikes have not only affected undergraduate programs. Graduate and professional programs have also been plagued by tuition increases. Students in professional programs such as law, dentistry and medicine have watched tuitions increase by as much as 800% in ten years. Currently the average tuition fee for professional programs is \$14,500 per year, with some students paying as much as \$20,000 a year.

The former Tory government is responsible for Ontario's current tuition crisis. In the early 1990s Mike Harris' government made massive cuts to university funding. By 2003,

the Conservative government had withdrawn more than \$3 billion from core university funding. The Conservative's total disregard for higher education meant universities had to raise tuition fees to compensate for lack of funding. As the Tory government's popularity waned, Harris decided to cap undergraduate tuition fees to appease the populace. In 2000, the Premier capped tuition hikes for undergraduate programs at 2% per year for five years. As for graduate and professional programs, the Premier failed to implement a similar cap and, consequently, tuition fees have continued to soar.

As a result of higher tuition fees, many students have had to rely on financial aid to pay for their education. In the mid-1990s the Tory government made the Ontario Student Assistance Program (OSAP) more inaccessible. The government implemented more restrictive eligibility criteria. Consequently, fewer students have been able to access OSAP. In 2003 only 130,687 students were eligible for OSAP compared to 212,189 in 1996, a drop of 40%. Under the new criteria, part-time students and welfare recipients are ineligible for assistance. To be eligible for OSAP, welfare recipients must trade social assistance for a student loan. The Tory government redefined "independent student" to exclude approximately 14,000 students who were previously eligible for OSAP. Under the original definition, an "independent student" was a person who had lived alone without parental support for four years. Today, an "independent student" must be self-sufficient for five years to be eligible for assistance.

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Innis Herald. Community

A Herald Adieu

Editors Plan Four Month Hiatus

And so comes to an end another year in the life of our newly-re-emerging newspaper, Herald. This year we could say that our lil' paper reached its teething phase and has been dutifully trying to gnash out a place in campus politics and UofT life. The paper has been slowly gaining momentum and we're sure it will eventually catch up with the Big Boys; who knows, we may even publish a superfluous colour issue next year. The Herald hasn't backed down from the hard issues nor has it compromised its integrity, and we hope that we have made Innis proud. We are also proud that the Innis College body has stood behind its newspaper and we would like to acknowledge that the outpouring of support from the Administration has been truly astonishing. The table of the Innis community that we have had the pleasure of sitting at has made us realize what a lucky paper Herald is to have such champions in its corner. Herald made many friends this year—and a few disgruntled comic bullies—and it's thanks to these people that it has grown so much.

The staff guiding the newspaper's development has been absolutely wonderful. Without getting choked up, the editors would like to take this opportunity to thank all of the staff writers, the artists and photographers, the copy editors, Andrea and Anna, the photo editor, Gill, and the webmaster, James, the two Officers, Alice and Michele, and the Treasurer, Christina, for all their much-valued hard work. It's not the quantity of submissions or issues that counts but the quality of the content that shines through in the end. Most of all, we'd like to thank our Associate Editors, Nicole and Steve, who have managed to anchor our sometimes wayward ship in turbulent times of high winds and low rhetoric.

We hope that you enjoyed the Innis Herald this year and that you will continue to read and contribute to our newspaper next year.

Corey Katz and Stephanie Silverman are pleased and flattered to have been chosen to return for a third consecutive term as the editors-in-chief next year. They will put the Innis Herald down for a nap over the summer but promise that it will wake up refreshed and better than ever in September.

Do you like food?

Wholesome food that won't put a hole in your pocket?

Check out The Innis Café

Are you smooth?

So smooth that only a strawberry blonde smoothie will do?

Check out The Innis Café

Soup, coffee, muffins, sandwiches, smoothies, burritos, BBQ chicken, fresh juices and more...

Tuition Freeze...

continued from front page

When the Premier overhauled OSAP's eligibility criteria, he failed to update parental contribution data. Consequently, numerous students from middle class families are unworthy of assistance because their parents supposedly make "too much money."

In October 2003 all eyes were on Dalton McGuinty; the new Premier of Ontario. McGuinty made numerous promises throughout his electoral campaign, one which garnered student support. McGuinty promised to freeze university and college tuition fees, and make post-secondary education more accessible. Since his victory, McGuinty has reaffirmed his commitment. During the throne speech, the new Premier stated that his government would freeze university and college tuition fees for at least two years, slash tuition fees in half for the neediest students, raise student loan limits, increase graduate scholarships by 50%, stop the development of for-profit private universities, and expand the capacity of Ontario's post-secondary institutions by 10% over five years.

Despite McGuinty's revolutionary stance, the Canadian Federation of Students (CFS) contends the government does not go far enough. The CFS believes it is critical the Liberal government revise OSAP eligibility criteria. Both part-time students and welfare recipients should be eligible for OSAP. Some part-time students are parents with family obligations. Disqualifying part-time students is not only discriminatory, but it prevents them from rising above their situation. As for welfare recipients, they should not be required to give up social assistance for a student loan. A student loan is not "income", and it should not be treated as such. The CFS also wants the Ontario government to redefine "independent student", and update

parental contribution data to reflect the amount parents can realistically contribute to their children's education. Though raising student loan limits to address the problem of unmet needs seems like a good idea, the CFS contends it will only burden students in the long-run. Currently, OSAP recipients are graduating with debt loads of approximately \$25,000. Raising loan limits will only 'help' students amass more debt. Rather than raising loan limits, Ontario should follow the lead of Newfoundland and Saskatchewan and reduce tuition fees.

On February 24th the Ontario government was baffled by a press leak. Headlines were splashed across newspapers informing Ontarians that McGuinty was about to break his tuition promise. Contrary to his pledge, the Premier was only going to freeze undergraduate tuition fees; universities could increase graduate and professional program tuition fees by 5% per year for the next two years. McGuinty immediately initiated damage control, and within twenty four hours he refuted the claim.

Despite McGuinty's 'commitment', the Premier has failed to make an official tuition freeze announcement. As the school year dwindles to a close, Ontario's universities anxiously wait for the government's directives. Facing a \$5.6 billion deficit, the Liberal government might be stalling. It is estimated a tuition freeze will cost the government \$209 million, money the government just does not have. If McGuinty decides to break his campaign promise, it would solely be for financial reasons. Though it is an option for McGuinty, it is not one for students. As 75% of jobs today require a college diploma or university degree, it is imperative that post-secondary education be more accessible. Submitting to the status quo will only aid the wealthy and hurt the rest of society.

Born to be Runner-up

Leadership of the Conservative Party of Canada

by Stephen Hutchison

Stephen Harper won the leadership of the Conservative Party with 56% of riding support; auto-industry executive

Belinda Stronach finished second with 35%, with former Ontario Health Minister Tony Clement in distant third with 9%. I must grudgingly concede that the performance of Harper, whom I strongly dislike, during this race has impressed me, and that I took some satisfaction in his victory over Stronach.

The wealthy Stronach was essentially a creation of, and a cipher for, the old elite clique of the former Progressive-Conservative Party, which seems to have agreed beforehand to support her in a campaign aimed specifically at defeating Harper. In Ontario, Stronach had the support of former Ontario Premiers Bill Davis (1971-85), and Mike Harris (1995-2002), both of whose influence, especially Davis', is of very high value in this province. In Quebec Stronach had the unofficially declared, but nonetheless real, support of former Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and his impressive retinue of contacts and Senators. Stronach also had vast financial support from the Toronto and Montreal business elite, as well as her own fortune, which purchased not only a vast organizational empire but things such as \$5000-a-day speech lessons. Harper, by contrast, had the financial support of the Calgary petro-elite — not an insignificant group — but his percentage of elite political support paled in comparison to Stronach's; for the most part, it would seem that Harper simply defeated her on the ground, at the grassroots

level, as people like to say.

Atlantic Canada's distaste for Harper allowed Stronach to do very well in that region (Harper, as you'll recall, has called Atlantic Canadians "defeatist"); Stronach also enlisted the assistance of former Mulroneyite Tonés

Belinda Stronach dropped out of U of T after one year of study. She worked for Magna International, an auto-parts company founded by her father, until assuming the presidency of that company recently. Are you impressed?

such as Elmer MacKay. In that region, Stronach won over Harper by about 60% to 30%. In Quebec, Harper simply could not compete with the Mulroney gang, and here again he lost 60 to 30, despite the fact that Stronach speaks no French and Harper speaks French very well. In Ontario, however, Harper embarrassed Stronach. Despite Stronach's superior financial and elite support in this province, Harper took over 51% of the vote here. In the West, Harper carried all before him, taking 80% of the vote. The result was a decisive first ballot victory.

Stephen Harper, age 44, was born and raised in Toronto, Ontario, and received a B.A. and an M.A. in economics from the University of Calgary. He became an economist for the Alberta oil industry, a lecturer at the University of Calgary, and, occasionally, an author. His political career began in 1985 as an advisor to Progressive-Conservative MP Jim Hawkes. In 1987, Harper was a founding member of the Reform Party, and became one of its most important policy authors. In 1988 he ran against Hawkes in the general election of that year and was defeated. In 1989 he became parliamentary assistance to Reform

MP Deborah Gray, while continuing to be of importance to Reform policy authorship. In 1993 he was elected to the House of Commons for the riding of Calgary West, unseating Hawkes, and served as the Reform Party's finance critic from 93 until 97. He did not seek re-election in 1997, choosing instead to become briefly Vice-President, and then President, of the National Citizens Coalition, a right-wing advocacy group. In 2002 he ran successfully for the leadership of the Canadian Alliance Party, defeating Stockwell Day on the first ballot, and was shortly thereafter elected to the House of Commons for the riding of Calgary Southwest, and assumed the Office of Leader of the Opposition.



Belinda Stronach, age 37, was born in Aurora, Ontario, and dropped out of the University of Toronto after 1 year of undergraduate study. She worked for Magna International, an auto-parts company founded by her father, until assuming the presidency of that company recently. Are you impressed?

Tony Clement, age 43, was born in Lebanon and emigrated to Brampton, Ontario, at a young age. He received a B.A. and an LL.B. from the University of Toronto, where he wrote for the *Independent Weekly* and became a successful lawyer in the Greater Toronto Area. In 1995 he was elected as a Progressive-Conservative to the Legislative Assembly of Ontario for the riding of Brampton West, and was re-elected in 1999. He entered the cabinet of Premier Mike Harris in 1997 as Minister of Transport in 1997, and served in a number of capacities, culminating in his service as Minister of Health under Premier Ernie Eves in 2002-2003. He was defeated in the Ontario election of 2003.

Back of the Line Lady!

by Michele Costa

I recently had a troubling experience involving a mini skirt-clad, wheelchair-bound sixteen year old and her uptight mother that has provoked me to move from silent-but-bitter anger to this published public-rant about the incident in question. It occurred in the wonderful oasis that is H&M, newly opened at Fairview Mall (a Mecca worthy of its own article that I was tempted to write). I had been shopping in the store and had gathered in my arms numerous articles of clothing that I wished to try on. The change room had a line up, as I heard it has had since the store's recent opening. I waited no less than ten minutes and was then ushered into a change room, which happened to be the larger wheelchair-accessible change room. This change room was simply the first one to become available. The woman who exited the room was able-bodied, and I, also able-bodied, was directed in. I began to try things on; I had about seven items and was in the change room for a total of about ten minutes. About two minutes into my changing, a seemingly nice-looking wheelchair-bound teen and her teased-hair-and-sweat-suit mother came to the change room, with clothes of their own to try on. Instead of explaining what happened next I will provide a brief transcription from memory:

Sweat-Suit Mom walked to the front of the line, and says to the salesgirl: "Excuse me miss, we will need the wheelchair change room since my daughter is in a wheelchair and would like to try things on." Salesgirl: "Sure, you'll just have to wait a minute because there is someone in there right now." Sweat-suit Mom: "Oh okay. (To daughter) "I guess there was someone else shopping who was in a wheelchair. I thought we were the only ones, but I guess there *must* have been someone else in the store in a wheelchair; otherwise the

wheelchair change room wouldn't be occupied. I mean, no one in this day and age would go into a wheelchair change room if they were not disabled!"

Wheelchair-bound Daughter: "That makes me *so* mad when people do that. It's so disrespectful, there *must* be someone in there in a wheelchair, otherwise it would be empty." Sweat-Suit Mom looks under the change room door. (To Salesgirl): "Miss, I think you might be wrong. I don't *see* any wheels under here. It must be empty. No one would go in there if they didn't *need* to. Could you open the door and check?"

AND ON AND ON!



Barbie's Friend "Share-A-Smile Becky"; Should A Wheelchair-Only Change Room Be Included?

So I took my sweet time, as I was very angry, and also scared of Sweat-Suit Mom, and did not want to leave the protection of the large changing area. When I did emerge, Sweat-Suit Mom had for some reason positioned herself directly opposite the outwards swinging door, so of course I smacked her with it. This only added to her hatred of me. She attempted to bum a hole through my face with her glare, which I stopped, and whipped back at her like a boomerang by my subsequent glare. She then stated loudly "I bet everyone here in line would *love* to have a word with this girl. But you know what, I'm just not in a mood to fight, let's just go and change, honey." So they moved into the now vacant change room. Now, I discovered that it's really hard to yell at a disabled girl and her idiot mother with an audience of impatient strangers in a change room. I did nothing; I walked away, and was angry for the rest of the day. Part of me wondered if I *was* in the wrong, even though it seemed I did absolutely nothing wrong. It was that part of me that prevented me from confronting Sweat-Suit Mom, though right now I'd like to strangle her with the waistband of her fake Juicy's for my public condemning.

I feel there is a critical aspect of the wheelchair change room that the mother was just not grasping. It is not a wheelchair *exclusive* change room the way parking spots work; it is a wheelchair *accessible* change room. This means that when a customer in a wheelchair wishes to try on clothes they are able to. This does not mean that non-wheelchair-bound customers are forbidden to use this change room, and that the room will be kept vacant at all times for the chance that a disabled customer might come along.

...continued on next page

The Sexuality of Youth

by Nicole Polivka

While driving the other day, my dad and I tuned in to a radio talk show to hear a phone-in conversation in which two parents were upset because their 10 year old daughter had, during her summer vacation, ordered and watched pornography on their satellite TV. "Her grades have dropped," said the mother, "It's not like she's doing badly, she's just not at the level she was before." My dad and I laughed. A girl watches a few pornos in the middle of the summer, and then in the fall her grades drop? "If anything," my dad said, "Her grades are dropping because of all the negative attention she's getting as a result" because here it was, February, and the parents still had the girl in therapy because of it.

This is just one incident of the attack on young girls' sexuality that has proliferated in the media recently.

On Saturday, February 7, The Globe and Mail ran a piece on twelve and thirteen year old girls who performed oral sex. It's "not just the class 'bad girls,' but students from every walk of life" says Sara Wilson, trying to shock us (oh no, you mean *normal everyday girls perform oral sex*!!!!). Although she said that everyone seems to be doing it, the underlying tone is one of disapproval; indeed, the intent of the article seems to be to inform parents so that these morally reprehensible girls can be stopped.

Notably, however, there was little mention of the boys. It's hard to believe that in every case twelve and thirteen year old girls are sitting around with their boyfriends and suddenly saying, "Hey, mind if I suck your dick?" I would be willing to bet that sometimes it is the boy's idea, sometimes, at least. But while



Innocent?

boys eliciting oral sex was mentioned, implied was that it was the girls' fault for accepting. Shame on these slutty girls and their insatiable appetite for performing oral sex.

In the article, it was clearly the girls' fault. It's Eden all over again. The knowing Eve tempting the poor, defenseless Adam into immorality. Shame on these girls and their aggressive sexuality.

Despite the leaps and bounds feminism has made in taking back women's sexuality, there still exists that double standard. It's expected of boys to be sexually curious/active. But

if the girls do it, they are figures of moral disgust.

While we have strong female figures who are comfortable with their sexuality like Carrie Bradshaw and the Sex and The City girls, these only become cultural icons indicative of society's moral decline. Figures like Christina Aguilera, Britney Spears, and Madonna become sexual scapegoats on which we can blame aggressive sexuality. There is no comparable figure for men, someone seen as sexually active and morally reprehensible. So when we look to media to start blaming (like we always do), all we see is women, women, women, so it must be their fault. Feminism demanded sexual equality, and to balance all the sexism, it filled the media with women who take charge of their sexuality. But instead of balancing things, it has had the opposite effect, making women seem sexually aggressive and immoral.

Take the Justin Timberlake/Janet Jackson debacle. Janet Jackson gets her Grammy invitation taken away and has to apologize on national television, but what does Justin get? Not even a harsh tsk tsk.

It's not that, at the core, it's really the man's fault for asking. It would be easy to turn it around and say, Girls are being duped by men to see sex as a cultural norm and we have to save these girls. Girls are not being tricked into offering it and boys are not being tricked into receiving it. What is more at issue is the harmful taboos that still exist that are being ignored while we debate whose fault it is. Are 12 and 13 year olds receiving the proper sexual education to protect themselves, or are we too busy trying to stop them to try to educate them?

And if we're too busy trying to pretend it's not happening, what happens when a 13 year old girl gets date raped? Who does she go to when she's not even supposed to be interested sexually in the first place? Though Sara Wilson may have missed the boat by focusing entirely on young girls, she does recognize non-education as an important issue. As she says in her article, when surveying grade seven students about sex, "researchers deliberately avoided asking Grade 7 students about intercourse or oral sex, for fear that controversy-averse school boards would have refused to participate."

It's time to stop denying that both young boys and girls have sexuality, because by denying, we're hurting instead of helping them. They're going to find out about pregnancy, STDs and rape the hard way if we're too busy worrying about stopping them to see it's too late, that we can't. When kids want to have sex, they'll have sex, regardless of the policies and procedures we put in place to stop them. Playing the blame game doesn't help. Sara Wilson questions whether 12 or 13 year olds have the sexual maturity to make the decisions they are making. Since when do people actually base their life choices on how mature they are, rather than doing what they want to do? Telling a 12 year old girl, "You're not mature enough for this," shaking your fist at her and society's sexual aggressive women doesn't help anybody. Making this an issue in the media just so parents can stop their children from thinking about sex is not a possibility and thus not the answer.

But then again, maybe all the pornography I watch is just affecting my brain.

Back of the Line... continued from page 3

This would give wheelchair-bound customers an exception from the normal waiting in line routine that is expected from all other customers. I obviously would have not gone into the change room had the wheelchair-bound customer been behind me when I was in line. When I was ushered in there, she was nowhere to be seen, and I did not even see her in the store. Was I to say, "Nó Miss, I prefer to wait until another room becomes

available in case someone in a wheelchair appears?" I simply would have had to wait longer. And that's the other thing - I didn't *choose* that room, I was ushered into that room. Somehow the mother didn't understand this, and instead of taking her grievance up with the saleslady who was clearly orchestrating the whole operation, she decided to be a hysterical lunatic and yell at me through a faux-wooden change room door.

At the same time this was happening there was also another lady with a stroller waiting for that room, and she didn't say one word. Mothers with strollers are used to waiting: waiting for elevators; waiting for booster seats in restaurants; waiting for the public family bathrooms. I'm sure she would have preferred not to wait, but she clearly wasn't surprised or annoyed that it was occupied. She realized this fact as a consequence of her decision to procure.

I think the problem here is that the wheel-chair bound mom felt she had a defence in the fact that her daughter didn't *ask* to be disabled, and thus, should be given special privileges. Frankly, I was impressed the store even had a large change room for a wheelchair - many don't. That is unfair. H&M made themselves wheelchair accessible, and for that they should be given credit. They would be idiots if they constantly made able-bodied customers wait even longer in their long change room lines, so they could keep the wheel-chair change room open for disabled customers. In all honesty, I rarely see people in wheelchairs clothes shopping in stores such as H&M. It's unrealistic and ignorant to expect to be provided a completely convenient and readily available facility when there is such little demand.

Here's an example: there's a rather common disorder that results in people hav-

ing seizures when exposed to the type of scanners stores use to scan products. I know this from working in retail. When customers came into the store, they would need me to type in their credit card rather than scanning it, and to bag their items away from the scanners, in cloth bags they provided. They would also need to stand five or so feet away from the scanner so they would not have an attack. I got to know a couple of people who suffered from this. Their shopping experience could have been made a lot easier if we had built a register where the scanner was not exposed, and the credit card swipe was far from the barcode scanner. But clearly they did not expect this. We did what we could to make it easier for them, but it came with a small degree of inconvenience for them. They would usually stand aside and wait until the line was gone so we could devote more time to them, and they often did not shop at busy hours.

Now, I would expect Sweat-Suit Mom to take a similar attitude. H&M has provided her with a very large and spacious room for her daughter to change in. Many stores do not offer this. Anytime she wants to try on clothes, she can. She cannot expect to be able to do this without a five to ten minute wait, the same as any other customer endures. This is fair, as she is being treated the same as any customer. Isn't that the point?

Maybe April
by Lindsay Zier-Vogel

His heart had seized an unmoving fist,
just after Christmas,
bits of scotch-taped wrapping paper still stuck to carpet,

tinsel trailing
cards tucked into corners but before the New Year
(there would be no champagne this year,
it would stay in the fridge
till March or maybe April).

[[Review]] The Horrorpops - Hell Yeah

Grrrls In Neverland: Is it time to grow up?

by Nicole Polivka

Grrrl rock: Like "punk", its definition is polymorphous. It generally refers to a female-fronted band in the rock genre, but like many other musical genres, what type of music that refers to in the real world has changed over time. It used to be bands like Babes in Toyland and Hole, with heavy guitars and women screaming about feminism using dirty words and sexually explicit language (how about the line from Bikini Kill's "Carnival," which talks about "16 year old girls giving carnies head for free rides and hits of pot?") And let's not even get started on Babes in Toyland's lyrics, which would shock a sailor straight). But times have changed and the grrrls have traded in their guitars for synthesizers, though the feminism and shock language haven't changed. Former Bikini Kill singer Kathleen Hannah now fronts Le Tigre, which joins other synth punk bands like Peaches and Ladytron. The keyboards are all the rage nowadays in the evolution of grrrl rock; it's a softer, kinder music, and the older grrrl rock fans have to be happy with it, just like the punk kids have to be satisfied with punk's soft-hearted bastard child, emo.

But some of us long for the good old days, before we realized that suburbia really had nothing really to rebel against and we would rock out to the Sex Pistols and feel really and truly hardcore and not feel guilty about it. It seems like the Horrorpops long for the good old days, too. Free of the synthesizers of today (their shtick is a stand-up bass), their album "Hell Yeah" is a return to the influences of more classic punk rock, like the Misfits (to whom they actually refer in one of their songs). It's a throwback,

but it's more grown up. It's not as hard, fast, and dirty as older punk rock; it's a cleaner sound with clearer vocals and a mixed influence of ska and a mix of blues, rockabilly and garage à la The Cramps and The White Stripes.

Patricia, the lead vocalist, has a strong



voice that quivers cleanly, that sits nicely on the border between clarity and grit, although she could afford to explore her range a bit more. In tracks like "Girl in a Cage" and "Miss Take" (which you have to appreciate purely out of the cleverness of its name), you wish she would just let it rip. That's what the good old days of grrrl rock were about, whiskey voices pushed to

their limits. A clean voice pushed to its limits would be the evolution, but for some disappointing reason, Patricia holds back. The track "Horrorbeach" is an interesting rendition of surf music with a decidedly gothic feel to it.

The tracks bridge a gap between genres or a gap between then and now, between the grittier rock of yesteryear and the cleaner rock of today. The lyrics also straddle social commentary and nonsense, moving from lines like "they're surprised when I'm not turned on/ by their fantasies about how it's done" in "Ghouls" to "Kool flatop! I almost threw a total fit/ When I saw him wrecking in the pit/ With his kool flatop" in "Flatop." But all this straddling makes you wish that they would just pick a side. When they get gritty it's almost as if they're holding back rather than creating something new and you're left wishing it would just get harder and Patricia would yell something at you because you feel like she wants to, like she really, really wants to, and you really, really want to let her, but she's just teasing, and not in a good way. It's like going into a room and smelling freshly-baked cookies and then finding out there are no cookies; it's a whiff of something good, but the substance isn't there.

But should anyone be surprised with the album cover they present? The Betty Paige-

esque Patricia points at you, tattooed, with red stilettos, bright red lipstick, and fishnets that all scream "fuck me," and we should have guessed it, because this is what happens when grrrl rock gets sexy. It's not about offending anyone anymore through explicit talk of rape, sex, and other feminist issues; it's about shocking people just enough that they find you sexually appealing but not enough that your album might not sell. Just listen to the song "Psychobitches Ourta Hell" in which Patricia throws away "pom-pom giggling girls" for "hard-core fun bunny maniacs" with "long red claws/ red lips and fine curved hips" which, once you look at the album cover, easily and obviously refers to her, and then she says "they go further than flirting they're down right and dirty." It's a punk-rock version of the move Christina Aguilera pulled a long time ago. Grrrl rock got slutty because being hot sells records, and looking like you're into the kinky stuff because you're punk as well as being hot certainly doesn't hurt. It seems Patricia's not just straddling genres. But now it makes sense why everything about this album is in-the-middle. It's not about taking musical or social risks; it's about making grunk palatable to a general audience. So there should have been no surprises at the close-to-but-not-quite-there social commentary that today's grrrl rock like Le Tigre and Peaches actually manage to achieve, their dirty mouths not being there to entice anybody. Tracks like "Miss Take" are catchy and their style is interesting but you're left wanting the hardcore Horrorpops promise, but don't deliver. The Horrorpops are grunk rock's mid-life crisis, as much as they try, they can't really bring back the good old days, and even sucking it up and growing up would be better than trying to stay in the past forever.

[[Review]] Hayden's Appearance on CBC's >Play

by Jennifer Charles

On Thursday March 18th, at the Movenpick Palavriion, the last live episode of >Play was filmed. I don't mention this dejectedly (as I was never a regular viewer), but rather with a satisfied sense that the season ended on an exceptional note. With minimal expectations, my boyfriend and I went to see our favourite musician Hayden, of whom your most recent memory might be from his performance at Convocation Hall last year. At first I couldn't decide whether or not I wanted to trek to Front and John to see Hayden play one song in a place I stupidly envisioned as an ice cream parlour (Movenpick, Yogen Frusz, you can see where I got the idea), but I was glad I did. I've seen Hayden live before, but this was up close and personal, something I will probably never have the opportunity to experience again. Oh and plus, I was on TV (if you saw it, I was in black on a stool way too high for my liking, drinking too fast and looking everywhere but at the camera).

First Jian Ghomeshi did a spunky bit, full of personality and slight annoyance at the camera that couldn't keep up with him, and then it was Hayden's turn. During the intro I was amused to learn that Ghomeshi lived a

block away from Hayden growing up.

I laugh because everybody I talk to about Hayden seems to lay claim to him somehow. A guy I once met bragged about living next door to him, "he's that hip-hop sensation right?" Wrong. Anyway, Hayden played a song entitled, "Don't Get Down" from his new album *Elle Lake Serenade* to be released on May 11th. He looked endearingly nervous although there were only approximately 30 people at the bar watching, not including his personal horde of friends and followers. According to Hayden, the inspiration for the song—a sincere uplifting acoustic number—was "giving pep talks to a friend." It seemed a perfect selection for the innumerate environment, and if it weren't for the gregarious Jian Ghomeshi and his entourage of cameras I might have forgotten I was even at a public event. I must admit to being a little star-struck though: I mean I love Hayden. In fact, it took me two amaretto sours and a drink the bartender screwed up but I think had something to do



with rum before I could even approach the guy for a picture without my throat closing up. But

when I did shyly ask for a photo, Hayden seemed more scared than I was.

That's one of the things I like best about Hayden—that he's so real. That might sound really Liam Gallagher, but it's true. He's just a man with a guitar who writes from the heart and gives a genuine performance, pointing out when he messes up, and telling funny personal anecdotes (anyone who has ever seen him live or owns *Live at Convocation Hall* can attest). The gem of this brief appearance was when he said he was 50. Humouring him, Ghomeshi replied, "A very young fifty; no one can tell." Long story short, the point of this article is basically this: Hayden is great, if you missed him when he played a few venues in Toronto recently, too bad; go out and buy his new album on May 11th (or any of his other albums for that matter). Check out his Hardwood Records website for news, music, videos, tour dates, pictures and all that jazz: <http://hardwoodrecords.com>

¹ On MTV with Carson Daly, Liam said "It's not about sellin' records, it's about bein' real."

[[Review]] Menomena: *I Am the Fun Blame Monster* by Qing Hua Wang

One of the most inventive and unconventional but ridiculously catchy albums to be released in recent memory is Portland-based Menomena's "I Am the Fun Blame Monster." At first glance, the band may seem just a little too clever for their own good. The album title is an anagram for "The First Menomena Album," and they created their own software to improvise brief musical ideas that are then looped, manipulated, and layered together in their tracks. But it is exactly this creativity and flexibility that have allowed them to craft music that is impossible to categorize or compare.

The album opens with "Cough Coughing," in a flurry of frenetic drums. From there on, constantly shifting bass, piano, synth, and drum lines weave in and out. Vocals seem almost an afterthought, but actually become another one of the many layers adding to the sound. The vocal lines become more prominent in the next two tracks, "The Late Great Libido" and "E. is Stable," but now different elements are introduced, such as funky jazz-inspired trumpet and sax jams. "Twenty Cell Revolt" is an impressive display of Menomena's ability to effortlessly bring their complex sound to dizzying heights and back down to simple

elements without you even noticing.

The use of piano and percussion, often playing off each other, is one of the most effective elements of the album. The piano appears in many of the tracks in many guises, from simple but beguiling repeated patterns to crashing statements. The drums take on a much larger role than most bands would allow, displaying understated nuances one moment and feverish intensity the next.

"Oahu" offers a calmer respite from the driving energy of the earlier tracks, but not from the well-crafted melodies and subtle sonic layering. In "Strongest Man in the World," separate vocal lines in-



tertwining between taut guitar melodies and warm organ drones create one of the album's most unassumingly catchy tracks. The band's varied influences, from psychedelia, hip hop, rock, and jazz, make appearances throughout the album. Menomena have a unique talent for seamlessly combining seemingly disparate instruments and ideas that manage to mesh together in unexpectedly successful ways. This album is absolutely solid from start to finish. Many listens are required to catch even half the subtle effects, but only one is needed to be hooked.

[[Review]] The Special Goodness: *LandAirSea*

by Erin Rodgers



The Special Goodness is like a 90's rock kid's wet dream. Atom Willard of Rocket from the Crypt and Pat Wilson of Weezer got together and created a pop record. And while fans of either band might be upset that it is not an album from either of those bands, it is still a fun little album.

The band is an opener band, and I mean that in a good way. They're the band you don't expect to see, that doesn't blow your mind, but makes you feel kind of warm and fuzzy and get you all prepped for the later band.

They are also the band you name drop later to show how much you know about indie rock. Trust me the ladies love when you know about side-projects (or at least this lady does).

[[Review]] Good Bye Lenin!

by Matthew Marshall

Going into this movie, I had very high hopes from watching its trailer late at night online, while avoiding doing anything productive. I am very happy to say that this movie did not disappoint me and exceeded every expectation I had before going in. This review will in no way do justice to a brilliant film.

Goodbye Lenin is a German movie set at just about the time that the Berlin Wall came crashing down, and the East ditched Communism for West German Capitalism. Shortly before the fall of the Berlin wall, our hero Alex Kerner, a 20-something East German TV repairman, is out for an evening walk with several hundred comrades, who are protesting their inability to walk over to West Berlin. This doesn't go down so well with the authorities and in the ensuing melee with the East German police, Alex is arrested.

It is at this inopportune time that Alex's mother arrives just in time to her son being arrested, and she has a heart attack from the shock. When Alex is released soon afterwards, he discovers that his mother has fallen into a coma. For the next 8 months, Alex's mother sleeps through the death of East Germany. As she sleeps, the Communist Party chief resigns, the border

opens, and the wall falls. Thousands of East Germans pour into West Germany and a united Germany wins the soccer finals. Then, she wakes up. Her doctor informs Alex his mother will not survive another shock. So Alex does whatever he can to prevent her from learning the truth of what has happened during the last eight months.

When I've seen pictures of the fall of the Berlin wall, it is a very stirring image. Tens of thousands of euphoric East Germans liberated and free to join with their countrymen, as one people divided came together. But often, this event is viewed only as that—a picture of tens of thousands of faceless tiny people surrounding a bulldozer pulling down chunks of wall. In reality this event touched every family and every person.

Goodbye Lenin revolves around the Kerner family and their struggles in an entirely new world after everything that was part of their world vanished as though it never existed. Alex's schemes in faking the continuance of East Germany are not only hilarious, but give a hint of what might have been had history worked out slightly differently, and the events of this time are viewed through a prism of how he sees the world. This puts a momentous and very big occasion, for lack of a better word, into perspective in very human terms.

It seemed to me that the fall of the Berlin wall and reunification of East Germany is often viewed as but a piece of the epic struggle between Communism and Capitalism, but more importantly it's about the people who lived through it, and their daily struggles. This film was one of the best I've seen in a very long time (and I've seen some damn good ones), and I enjoyed every minute in the theatre. Not only that, but I expect that it will linger in memory for some time. For anyone looking for a film that goes far beyond the normal cinematic fare, I recommend Goodbye Lenin.

SUNDHEIT



In Good Bye Lenin!, a twenty-something East German must keep the truth about capitalism away from his ailing mother.

Ken Park and a Desperate Cry to End Censorship by Joel Elliott

What's the difference in explicit value between an erect penis and a flaccid one? According to the Japanese distribution copy of *Ken Park*, which is apparently the only available version of the film in this city, it's the difference between 'acceptable' and 'unacceptable' material. I mention this apparent discrepancy to highlight just how absurd, arbitrary – and ultimately, detrimental – the criteria for censorship is. While in Japan the compromise was simply to blur out all genitalia while it was erotically charged, including any masturbatory discharge (yes, there's a cum shot – and Larry Clark did not get struck by lightning), in Canada and the US, it's not even being distributed. Furthermore, the film was banned in Australia. While the reasons for it not being distributed in this country could theoretically be explained by a lack of demand, this is incredibly unlikely, being that Larry Clark's debut *Kids* (1995) has been seen by every young cinephile in North America. More likely it is the overt (and for the most part, authentic) explicit material, exceeding even that of *Kids* and Clark's second controversial film, *Bully*.

All criticism of *Ken Park* seems to detract from the actual film, to focus on the conditioned reflex towards youth sexuality: either repulsion or disturbed enlightenment. The film, however, does neither; it is not meant to shock, nor does it hold a mirror up to reality. This dichotomy is in fact what consistently defines the concessions which artists must make to censorship. The idea is that objectionable material must be justified under some conception of 'reality,' however diluted that term may be. It is as if artistic freedom can be satisfied, not by refusing the limitations placed on 'objectionable' content, but by making allowances so this content must adhere to certain artistic standards. Seen in this light, the criteria is less a compromise than an outright increase in moral assimilation. The reality principle actually tries to lead us to ignore the consistent flow of banal Hollywood fantasy features being produced.

Granted, however, certain aspects of the film appear on the surface to fall into either category. There is a certain shock effect accumulated by the teenager murdering his grandparents

in manic glee, or the father who drunkenly attempts to molest his sleeping son. Other events suggest an affinity towards realism – the religiously oppressive father who catches his daughter having sex and abuses her and her boyfriend, or that same molested son running out on his family with no money or place to stay, which may constitute everyday realities for many of the



more marginalised North American suburban families. The presence of these two elements in tandem, however, suggests something else entirely: a hyper-realism which is absolved in the pathological sway of a very real generation of young people, who stand as both the victims and perpetrators of their parents' demise. This vicious cycle is quite blatantly favouring the children's perspective. Yet the film opens with the suicide of a young boy, and seems as if it will proceed towards an explanation for why he took his life. In an interesting twist of convention, however, the boy isn't even alluded to, let alone present again in the film, until the very ending, when he is remembered vaguely after a menage-a-trois. His bookend status is what justifies the hyper-realistic text of the film: the rest of the film can be nothing if not the distorted memories of events which constitute his world. This interpretation is not necessarily literal – granted, he probably would not have known of the personal affairs which occur, nor even imagined them – but they do forecast Clark's vision of

the state of mind of tortured youth.

The excessive sexuality which is portrayed shows the extent to which the subject is a focal point for adolescent development, especially when looking at the psychology of teens who have passed through puberty within the last two or three years. Unlike *Kids* however, where the enigma was the desperately dangerous state of teenaged sexuality, this film culminates in the suggestion that sex may be the only relief from a decaying moral condition, even if it is also the main cause of many of their significant problems. The rare serenity which marks the second-to-last scene of the orgy involving two guys and one girl, suggests that, like it or not, we must accept the fact that these kids are partaking in the last consensual act which still gives them any pleasure. *Content* is the key word – being that the parents' choice of lifestyle almost equates to the auto-suggestion for rebellion, a reverse case of behaviourism. The reasons for persistent rebellion are made clear, however, the kids' parents are either incredibly miserable and unsuccessful, or sexually repressed, or both. This is a drastic environment to breed pleasure-seeking adolescents with their new-found sexuality.

What is even more tragic in light of this already difficult to access film is that a new bill in Parliament hopes to ensure that films like these are seized and destroyed if they ever make it into the country. The movement is one from where 'child pornography' means the assumption that an actual child is being exploited, to one where even any representation (regardless of the conditions of its making) of children and sex is counted. In the most extreme theoretical case, a re-creation of the horrors of the real child porn industry, in the attempt to protest and draw attention to it, would be banned. It's not so much protection as it is a blanket denial of the entire phenomenon.

So is Larry Clark a pervert, or just a grown man who likes to think he has his finger on the pulse of a younger generation? While both these assumptions are degrading, I honestly don't really give a fuck – I'll probably never meet the man. The point is not to document his intentions, but to accept it as art. I hope this has become clear through one major stream by which the film can be interpreted. Perhaps acceptance is the best to hope for in a morally ambiguous yet simultaneously oppressive society.

[[Review]] More Than Living Room Gossip: There Really is Beauty in *Kitchen Stories* by Stephanie Silverman

It is rare to find a movie that is genuinely touching without being overly trite. Even more unusual, however, is that this movie is a complex metaphor for the argument against positivism and yet remains distinctly subtle in its preaching. How do you construct such a movie? You manufacture a simple plot, flesh out the roles with great actors and add long sequences of completely speech-free scenes. In the end, you will have something quite like the Norwegian work, *Kitchen Stories*.

Bent Hamer directed this quiet film and brings to life some of the (mis)constructions of 1950s European society. The Scandinavians were reeling from the devastation of World War II, the effect that it had on their social lives and the differences between Norway, Sweden, and Finland that had been perhaps otherwise concealed. In response, the Swedes experimented with behaviourism and positivism. Their leading scientists were enlisted to perform "experiments" such as mapping the actions of a housewife to see how to make her movements more effective. Hamer re-imagines these experiments but with single bachelors in the far northern part of the country in place of urban women. The "Home Research Institute" sends 24-hour observers to the rural districts and ensconces them in egg-shaped campers outside each subject's house. The observer is supposed to sit in high, custom-made chairs to strategically observe each bachelor



in the kitchen and they are not supposed to communicate with their subjects. Needless to say, this rule is soon breached and we learn that men are not meant to be observed or mapped. Rather, our humanism rises above science and soon a beautiful friendship emerges between one observer (Tomas Norstrom) and his subject (Joachim Calmeyer). The emotion communicated between these two men is touching and true – those two elusive sentiments that our post-modern, ironic society just can't seem to take seriously or portray convincingly these days. In *Kitchen Stories*, it is the short scenes that pack the emotional punch that many movies take hours to develop. Such scenes include the episodes when the observer receives a package from his auntie with some precious cheese or when the two men first start talking over some coffee on a cold day. Admittedly, this movie is a bit too precious but somehow it's concentrated into little pockets that are far outweighed by the sure direction, clear cinematography, and clearly thought-out performances from the main actors and their supporting cast. Take a break from the everyday melancholia or Disney-manufactured plastic happiness of the cinema these days and take a trip around the world and back in time to see this film: these *Kitchen Stories* won't disappoint you.

Through the Gates of Horn and Ivory

by Nick P.

I'm on a patio, on a sweltering New York afternoon.

I ran into Rose somehow. We decided to grab some drinks and food. The two of us sit, gabbing noisily, catching up. It's been a while since we've been together. I've always loved New York, since my parents brought me here when I was ten, and now that I'm 21, I'm legal. The four of us just talk, enjoy each other's company and reflect on the impossibility of all of us coming together here.

"You still going through your Buddhist phase?" Rose asks me.

"I was like sixteen then, hon," I reply, smiling. She always loved to tease me. "Everyone went through a stupid phase when they were sixteen."

"Oh, so it's like the appeal of endless rebirth. Metempsychosis. Coming back over and over again, the same old shit."

"I guess that's appealing when you're sixteen. You think if you ever grow up, and it sucks, you can always come back to the same place."

We never talked about this stuff before. Me and Rose, well we usually just talked about wrestling, movies, gossip. Just plain talk, you know? No reason to go into the traditional university "I just read such and such and now believe such and such" shit. Or the life and death, coming to terms with existence type stuff. Maybe she just knew.

"You believe in reincarnation?" She asks, smiling a little sadly now.

"I believe in repetition."

"You didn't answer my question."

The bill comes, interrupting our impossible time together. Rose bends, reaching down under the table to grab her purse. I notice she's wearing the white orchid in her hair that she's always saved for special occasions. I'm vaguely unsettled. I've always loved Rose.

"You're wearing your flower today." The words "your flower" come naturally to my lips. Rose's favourite flower was always the orchid. Imperfectly worked out taste in flora on her part. Or unpoetically worked out taste I suppose. Rose with the orchid instead of Rose with the rose. One of those details that never fit. It just doesn't fit.

"The flower," I ask.

"It's a special occasion," she replies.

She wore it when I took her to prom. We've always been best friends. Best friends and prom dates. Special occasion. Maybe an occasion for unfounded optimism. That orchid was in her hair at the funeral. I've always loved Rose. I'm vaguely unsettled. Confusion breaks through, tearing apart the pleasant atmosphere of our ideal time together.

"How are you here when?"

"I was gone but now I'm here," she replies.

Am I dreaming?

I'm awake. Look left. 10:30. I'm late.

I quickly throw off the covers and rush to the shower. Have to shower today. It's the last day of class. Last day to talk to that girl in class that you always had a crush on. The girl who you don't really know at first and while you sit there watching her you just make up a bunch of stuff about her. So you can fall in love with her as she is for you. Distant and unattainable. Like you know, "she's pretty so she obviously likes the Cure, and cats, and works selflessly for under

privileged children." It's gotta be today because you can't wait till the exam period. Too risky. She could finish writing first, you could finish writing first. You might not catch her etc. etc. She could be gone from your life, forever. One of those temporary connections you make with people before they're gone. Gone who knows where, but out of your life nonetheless. We make these connections all the time, and they all mean something, but they never last. We don't remember these people cause we can always entertain ourselves with something new.

I'm still sleepy as I start to shower. What did I dream about? It's funny how we never remember dreams. A third of our lives spent in oblivion. Not oblivion. Something else. Someone wrote that dreams were where men spent a third of their lives — asleep, partaking in premonitions of eternity. Not premonitions of eternity. It's dreams, not death, that sails through the ivory gates. Echoes of eternity, then. Or ripples of eternity. An endless series of concentric circles, radiating out from the secret self that is our dreaming state, across the uncharted fathoms of the rest of our lives. Ripples across oceans.

Or if you don't like thinking about it that way, someone else said that life's a book and the waking world is reading it in order, while our dreaming life is flipping through. Either way, you never really know where the line gets drawn between the two. You never really know when you'll get to write something new. If you ever do. What about the line between life and afterlife. That's a vaguely unsettling type of thought.



photo by Nicole Polivka

I'm sitting in class with the girl, Delilah. One of those girls in class you've always talked to but never ask out. You talk in your ten-minute break. Have a cigarette. She and I the only chain smokers in class. A healthy nonchalance towards death is always a good characteristic to look for in a potential mate.

We're chatting now in a near empty room, the last two students sitting, a few keepers asking the prof some pre-exam questions. I'm a little apprehensive. There's usually a point in these awkward, awkward conversations with my crushes where I proceed to fuck it up. Or I proceed to chicken out. Every time. Always for mysterious inexplicable reasons. It's like I never grew up past sixteen, forever caught in the uncharted oceans of my internal fuckuppedness.

"So you got those shoes in Manhattan. From Freddy's. That little shoe place just off Broadway?"

"Oh you've been to New York," she replies, looking down at her hair. There's a white orchid in her hair. Same flower in Rose's hair when we buried her.

"Yeah when I was young my parents took me, I've always wanted to go back but never had a chance. New York's soooooo fucking big compared to Toronto. It's like there's something new around every corner."

"It's hard to travel, harder still to find something new to do," she pauses, eyes turned down, biting her lower lip. "Do you maybe want to do something sometime, like go for a drink or food?"

Well that was easy. No boyfriend. No "it's not you it's me." No "awesome, I knew we'd be good pals." No having to ask first. Every dog has his day I guess. Every chain gets broken. Life's one big New York City and there's always something new around every corner.

"I'm tied up actually. I really got to study for this exam."

"Oh, ok then, well, good luck." Delilah gets up and leaves. A little confused, hopefully a little disappointed.

I pack up my books and walk home, not thinking for once. I'm vaguely unsettled.

A Thursday night poem by Lindsay Zier-Vogel

bright as pennies,
our kisses against lips,
against skin, falling off cheekbones,
they pool on the sleep-soaked pillowslips
and weigh down the head of the bed
with copper shine till evening,

a drained fountain,
scattered wishes bared to sky.



photo by Qing-Hua Wang

Anti-Uniform Behaviour

This month we were lucky enough to find willing and able Innis College students to feature in this section; we were also lucky enough to have a nice, sunny day for lots of outside photos.



Name: Vanessa Meadu
Program and Year: Political Science and French, 3rd year
One or more words to describe your personal style: "Village des Valeurs".
Favourite item(s) of clothing you have with you: "My boots that I bought on ebay".
Recommended/Favourite Store: "Prada... But really Goodwill by the pound when I have the time".
Editor's Note: Mmmm Prada.



Name: Lindsay Zier-Vogel
Program and Year: English, 3rd year
One or more words to describe your personal style: "Too cold for skirts".
Favourite item(s) of clothing you have with you: "My pants because of the nifty pocket".
Recommended/Favourite Store: "The Fresh Collective if money wasn't an issue".
Editor's Note: The Fresh Collective is a bunch of awesome local designers who pool their talents and exhibit and sell their wares at this storefront. It is excellent for original creations and for personal expression – perfect for your anti-uniform. The Fresh Collective is located at 692 Queen Street West.



Name: Anthony Furey
Program and Year: Arts and Science, 1st year
One or more words to describe your personal style: "Rumpled".
Favourite item(s) of clothing you have with you: "My shirt because it was my grandfather's and yet it's still pink and queer".
Recommended/Favourite Store: "Woodbine and Danforth Value Village".
Editor's Note: Due to an unexpected mishap with film and hotness, we are substituting Orlando Bloom for Anthony.... It was the closest match we could find: in colour Orlando is wearing a pink shirt, and is almost as good looking as Anthony.



Name: Juan Davila
Program and Year: Environmental Studies and International Development, 4th year
One or more words to describe your personal style: "Happiness".
Favourite item(s) of clothing you have with you: "My shirt because it's yellow and it's like the sun".
Recommended/Favourite Store: "Value Village".

Holding the Pose by Jennifer Charles

In the picture she is smiling,
With her mouth but not her eyes.
Holds her head a little higher
Than she usually would

Giving the illusion,
That it's all figured out
And that it flows
From one extreme to the other.

A circular perfection
A certain tentative direction
In the arch of her eyebrows
And the corners of her lips

Stomach taut with military discipline,
Hugging the spine like a jumper
Back flat against a wall
Between a rock and an open space

Not quite sure whether to go through with it.

Peering over the edge.
Leering over the edge.
Sneering at the bottom.
She smiles for the photo.

As she plummets
A flash of light
Marks the moment when she crumbles

No amount of preparation
Is preparation enough

journey to the heart by Todd Levin

deep away from the exterior
beating softly in time
the heart rules the interior
and is the focus of this rhyme

everyone young and old
has a heart that tells it all
whether it be good, a heart of gold
or rotten, no good and small

one cannot look at a man
and see his inner heart
would you even if you can?
i would not know where to start

can you describe this sensation
that you get from your soul
when your heartstrings begin vibration
and shakes your body, your whole

you cannot, no words describe it
electricity erupts from within
from your core it does emit
tingles scatter over your skin

can your heart feel love
having been hurt before
can you soar above
can you trust your heart anymore

realize that your heart is strong
it beats for years without rest
yet for connection it still does long
someone to have in your heart as guest

your heart beats life through your veins
and instructs you in ways of love and loss
careful not to leave broken remains
when sacrificed at love's cross

emotions rush your heart in a great flood
pain, love, happiness and sadness abound
something special flows in your blood
where the root of your soul is found

don't worry if your heart is in pain
for it will feel better one day
whilst this sensation you cannot explain
do not fill your life with this dismay

true love can exist, even if you cannot find it
your brain will trick you, but your heart is true
it will not deceive you in what it does emit
as it gives you energy, power, renew

go find your love, do not let go
the heart will guide you
and one day you will finally know
the love you are overdue

Step Across These Lines by Josh Pineda

You'll never know why
I chase dragons and tigers by the tail
Chase after those transcendental effluvia
Down into the deep, deep depths
Of glass embowered happiness, it

Trails across mirrors
Smelling faintly of nail polish

I search across these mirrors
For visions of my redeemer
Finding him across cracked looking-glasses

He's a well-dressed man
I watch as he leans over
And strangles me softly, to death
Strangling me with his cocaine hands

A Quantum Theory of Happiness by Josh Pineda

Life is an infinite series of moments,
In which you both can, & will never
Receive
Whatever your heart truly desires

The Ringer
by Tracy Birchbaum

Today was just a normal day
The sun rose like any other
My thoughts still foamed
I took some pills
Trying to recover

I met a man in a long white coat
His face was made of pearl
I smiled kindly
He shook my hand
And promised me the world

I'm still in my rut
My mood keeps on dropping
It's like I'm soaked
With muddy water
In a bucket made for mopping

He lied and moved away
The paint is getting runny
I'm just a waste
He broke my heart
And stole all of my money

Oval Moon

Moon,
Every night,
A brand new face!
Tender, silvery, soft illumination.
With the stars shining,
lovely, bright
light.

-Dolkar

Intellectual Dogma
by Joel Elliott

out of nowhere, a vice.
grown from nature.
splicing cables for cheap labour fixation
born out of vanity,
for the hair of Nostradamus to turn white.

So I ride the metal blanket
through the train dissecting Earth
magnetically aligned,
crystallized shards pour out over the night sky.

Make her feel this, crane your neck small wonder.
Now tilt 47 degrees rightward, and topwise,
while hungry lepers bleed for alarm clock syndication.
vindicate.
celebrate.

Grand Central Station:
(from New York City adventures)
by Lindsay Zier-Vogel

the ceiling is painted as sky
but green
constellations speak their stories
interrupted by gated arches
and upstaged by camera flash.

Only strangers look up
only strangers hear the pave of heel on marble,
only strangers notice the echo of voice against glass
against stone
against wrought iron
(I am one of these strangers).

[more at www.puddlepress.com]

[[Review]] Get Up Kids Concert March 9th, 2004 at The Opera House by Evan Davies

So, I think it was at the Thursday show last fall that I kind of gave up and threw in the towel, so to speak. I was just so tired of these bands coming to town with all this hype and people being all "Dude, this show is going to be WICKED!!!" and then the show is so not wicked. Dunno, it's just a really shitty thing to have to watch a band that you've enjoyed totally suck it up live. I've been there too many times where something was clearly missing, be it stage presence, showmanship or energy. You sort of say "What's the point? This shit is dull. I could stay home and listen to the album and be just as happy."

Then there are the bands that actually give a shit about what the fans think. They have this "super-magical" power that allows them to predict what songs will excite the audience, and then actually perform them...with enthusiasm...kind of like they actually want to be there. Case-in-point for this is the Get Up Kids. Going to a GUK show is good times because they are very much a fan-friendly band and it shows in their delivery, song selections and interaction with the crowd.

Last time they were here, about a year or so ago, they played the Kool Haus. If you've ever been to the Kool Haus, you can understand why seeing a show there is a bit of a drag. See, the sound is generally muddy and thick so it's not like you can really hear everything/anything. Also, Kool Haus is big. Probably too big for a band like GUK who really does function better in a more intimate setting. Segue to the Opera House, a place that's just about the right size for them. It was

a smart move to go small this time because intimacy is key to their show. Their songs are such that they have more impact in a smaller venue; the GUK's playing a big venue would be like seeing Yes or Pink Floyd playing at the Horseshoe. It just wouldn't work.

Like I said, the GUK are definitely a fan-friendly band and their set list reflected that completely. Relying on a mix of old and new, they went as far back as *Four Minute Mile* and up through to the recent *Guilt Show*. They have six albums now, but the old tunes outweighed the new. Probably the most



the get up kids - "supermagical"

cheering came from songs off their celebrated *Something to Write Home About*, "Holiday" was totally fun to hear, as was the finale, "Close to Home," also with a slightly reworked but equally infectious version of "I'll Catch You." The bulk of their material that night was energetic pop, and it made me feel all warm and fuzzy to see the kids slamming and jumping in front of the stage trying to whoop it up. But the kids were feeding off the band's energy because the band gave it up completely on every song. They were dancing around and jumping, but all the time looking like they were fucking loving it. The crowd was pretty young over all, which was fine because the shows are for the kids and the vibe was there.

Also, it was impressive to see them at the top of their game musically, as the playing was really tight and they all handled their instruments with confidence. You could tell they'd been playing most of those songs for years, but at the same time they sounded fresh and new. However, it was really funny to stand near these middle-aged guys, who all kind of looked like Charlie from Party of Five, and hear them talk about how much they *had* to see Dashboard Confessional next time they played here, 'cause "Fuck man! I totally missed them last time!"

Anyway, they also did their staple cover of the Cure's "Close to You" and it was convincing, even with a peppy spin thrown in that perhaps made it more uppy than it should have been. They even played new material like "Man of Conviction"—a partial return to form that translated really well live. They seem to have grown up a bit personally and creatively, and *Guilt Show*'s a good indication of where their heads are now, but luckily being old on paper doesn't necessarily mean being old on stage. In the end it was all good with nothing to complain about and it was nice to see teenage love birds singing the lyrics to each other and then kissing and stuff. It makes you feel younger. The GUK jumped, rocked, danced and laughed through about 1 1/2 hours worth of songs, but time went by way faster than that. Also Rocky Votolato opened...he's some cute guy with an acoustic guitar, but he was alright too.

Overall I've got to say that seeing the GUK partially restored my faith in going to shows. It's just too bad there aren't more bands out there that understand what their audiences really want. Isn't that the purpose of performing anyway?

[[Review]] Bury Your Grudge At Wounded Knee: *Hidalgo* by Jared Bryer

Have you ever told someone that you like Westerns? Even those that do will often avoid saying it because of the poor films a lot of people associate with that particular genre. Truthfully speaking, the Western is a genre that has really been messed up over the past decade. Atrocities like *Wild Wild West*, *Bad Girls* and *American Outlaws* turned off the already dwindling demographic still interested in old-fashioned cowboy movies. However, every so often a Western gets made that deserves some positive attention. Case and point: this year's *Hidalgo*.

While the film seems inspired by *Dances with Wolves* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Hidalgo* is a Western that distances itself as much as possible from the West. After a brief opening segment, the film's hero and title horse are swept away to Arabia to compete in a massive race across the desert for a large cash prize. Even though the film is very similar to others that preceded it, its enthusiasm and spirit make it stand out as a solid piece of moviemaking.

Hidalgo opens with U.S. Military courier Frank Hopkins, proving that his tiny Mustang horse is the fastest thing on four legs. However, after witnessing the slaughter of Native Americans at Wounded Knee, Hopkins becomes disillusioned with his country and lapses into an obscure role as a clown in a traveling Wild West show. A Middle-Eastern sultan hears of Frank's remarkable horse and summons him to test it against the best riders in the world in an arduous race across the Arabian desert.

Of course the plot cannot be this simple, so bandits, a power hungry rebel and the elements all combine to oppose Frank, and make the story a

While the story isn't necessarily unique, the remarkable thing about the film is the seriousness with which it addresses its subject matter and the mythology of the Old West. Frank isn't a typical cowboy, finding himself torn between his status as an American and his Native heritage. This gives the film a spiritual depth that elevates it above the many other failed Westerns that have been made in the past few years. The film's real enthusiasm for horses also is conveyed effectively. While it can come off as a bit heavy handed at times, you really can't fault a film for loving its subject matter to such a degree.

However, there are some aspects of the film that don't come off so well. The Arabian people, while intelligent, are portrayed as a completely arrogant people that require an American to put them in their place. I'm not going to spin off and discuss the metaphorical implications of this, but it just seems a shame that a film so devoted to sympathizing with Native Americans can, at the same time, stereotype another ethnic group. Also some areas of the plot seem unnecessarily drawn out, and the film would be much better if it were about twenty minutes shorter.

Criticism aside, *Hidalgo* is a strong film that accomplishes exactly what it sets out to do. The real shame is that most people will still ignore the film because of the negative connotations that Westerns still bring to people's minds. It may go unnoticed, but anyone who likes adventure movies, or even just a well told story, would find something to enjoy in *Hidalgo*.

Rating: 7/10



Rock & Roll: Inside and Out by David Marchese

I believe in rock and roll: the faith, the hope, the love, the spectacle, the bullshit, the jive, the beat. I'm caught hook, line and sinker. Too bad I can't play worth a damn. I've been stuck on the outside looking in. Just a listener. I listen hard, but that's still just listening, always a consumer of fantasy, never helping to create...until recently. The good folks at the Herald recently gave me the opportunity to contribute to the world of rock and roll. I was lucky

enough to interview a real live band. I know, it's nothing like bein' one of the boys in the band, but for the first time I would actually be contributing to the discourse, not just observing it. Hey, Elvis and Britney will tell you the same thing: Publicity is part and parcel of the whole thing—always has been, always will be. This was my chance to look behind the curtain.

The band is from Poughkeepsie, New York and they're called Matchbook Romance. They just released their first full length album, *Stories and Alibis*, on the Epitaph label. Their story sounds familiar. Epitaph bigwig and punk rock legend Brett Gurewitz downloads one of their songs and calls 'em up to offer a contract. They think it's a joke. Cut to the band in California recording their album. Cue album release. Sam Phillips hears some greasy kid named Elvis fooling around on an old blues tune. Long live the King, or so the story goes.

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The Perils of Poptrash

Moving Away from the Pulsebeat comes clean about a very dirty habit.

By Vanessa Meadu

I have an addiction to trashy gossip. Like Miranda from *Sex and the City* and her beloved *Tattle Tale* mag, I can't wait for my daily fix of celebrity stories. Miranda says it puts her in touch with the 'real world.' For me, it's a glorious distraction from the real world. Like Miranda, I'm intelligent, independent and I'd like to think I'm emotionally mature. And like Miranda, I say to all you who might judge me: "I love it, it's my thing, let it go."

I'm not sure when this addiction started. It was probably somewhere in between writing my paper on the ecofeminist politics of the Bhopal disaster and my examination of parliamentary reform in Canada. Really, I should have seen it coming. While I've been subscribing to the delightfully mean *popbitch* for years, I've only recently become an enthusiastic of other websites such as [awfulplasticsurgery.com](http://www.awfulplasticsurgery.com) and the UK *Sun's* "Bizarre" section.

The following is a list of my very favourite trash portals. Overall Trash Value (OTV) is calculated out of 10, with marks given for entertainment, addiction, exclusivity and absurdity.

1) The Internet Movie Database's *Celebrity News* (<http://www.imdb.com/PeopleNews/>)

Updated daily, the IMDB offers the best of bad reporting, unsubstantiated celebrity gossip and news of weird behaviour on movie sets. Sample attention-grabbing headline: "Clooney Sex Secrets 'Stolen'"

Actual content: Barely-there stories about the A-list celebrities we know, and love to hate. Frequent references to Angelina Jolie, Ethan Hawke, and too much Mel Gibson.

Integrity? IMDB frequently issues apologies and retracts reports which turn out to be 'incorrect' (read: scary lawyers on the prowl).

Overall trash value: 7. A good place to start your gossip addiction. Entertaining, but not too absurd. Also check out the IMDB pages for wonderful/ useless celebrity and movie trivia.

2) *popbitch* (<http://www.popbitch.com/>)

Weekly UK based gossip mailout, with many references to celebrities we've never heard of, especially ones from British and other Euro reality shows. Dirty royal family secrets are sometimes revealed. Also a good place to find out what your favourite Spice Girl has been up to.

Sample attention-grabbing headline: Orlando Bloom's stunt double in *Pirates of the Caribbean* was a woman from Seattle called Melissa, who fit into all his clothes perfectly.

Actual content: Most info ranges from the mundane (gay cabinet ministers) to the absolutely dirty (Posh Spice's pubic hair—or lack thereof). Also includes funny links, chart predictions and stupid jokes. Completely immature and humorous, as well as insightfully intelligent. Integrity: Editors rely on anonymous tips, which results in some really good (and not necessarily true) stuff.

Overall trash value: 9. Highly entertaining, totally absurd! Reduces need for pesky braincells.

3) *Awful Plastic Surgery* (<http://www.awfulplasticsurgery.com>)

A site dedicated to "the good, bad, and ugly of celebrity plastic surgery."

Sample attention-grabbing headline: "Lara Flynn Boyle - Duck Lips Aren't Sexy"

Actual content: A lot of gruesome before and after pics of our favourite freaky celebs, including Courtney Love, Melanie Griffith, Asl Rose, Farrah Fawcett, and, never forget, Michael Jackson.

Also entertaining are the before-after shots of celebs with good plastic surgery, like Sarah Jessica Parker and Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Integrity: Though photos are accompanied by commentary from an apparently qualified plastic surgeon, it's sometimes really hard to tell the difference before and after. For most subjects, however, the reaction is usually smug (and gleeful) disgust.

Overall trash value: 8. It's always nice to be able to examine how Sarah Jessica Parker's nose came to look so good. Also check out the message boards for more mindlessness. Very addictive and unusual.

4) *The Sun - Bizarre* (<http://www.thesun.co.uk/>)

Brought to you by the folks at the "UK's biggest selling newspaper" (read: tabloid). More arcane British celebrities caught doing the wildest things.

Sample attention-grabbing headline: "Had an accident, Baby? Emma Bunton was spotted with damp patch on her jeans during a night out."

Actual content: More information about British popstars, reality show losers and the occasional American celebrity. Sometimes interesting music news, but mostly just utter garbage.

Integrity: Column penned by one Victoria Newton, whose rather seductive picture graces the masthead. Does this lady spend all her time on the phone to paparazzi and professional stalkers?

You'd better believe she does! Thanks, Victoria, for doing the work that most normal people are too lazy to do.

Overall trash value: 6. Gets a low mark for its reliance on utterly obscure and useless celebrities. Why should I care that Jade from Big Brother UK was caught taking the bins out in skanky pyjamas? Not wholly entertaining, but I suppose *Bizarre* is as trashy as it gets.

Conclusion: Trash is good, in moderation. Sometimes you just need a reminder of your intelligence. I hope I've inspired other addicts to crawl out from the murky underworld of celebrity gossip. There's nothing to be ashamed about, unless you're a Spice Girl.

Vanessa Meadu is a champion not because of how many titles or medals she has won but because of her heart. Send all things to innis_pulsebeat@yahoo.com. Moving Away From the Pulsebeat will continue next year!



Posh Spice dares to be bare

[[Review]] Recycling The 70s: *Starsky & Hutch*

by Jared Bryer

Besides the names of its characters and a car, *Starsky & Hutch* has little to do with the 70s police TV series on which it was based. Instead director Todd Phillips steers the movie in a different direction, altering the tone of the original show to make a mass-market comedy for contemporary youth audiences. Fans of the TV series will probably be put off by the changes Phillips makes, as the film more closely resembles last year's *Old School*, than anything from the 70s. Unfortunately, the film is not very different from a lot of comedies that have been released over the past few years. It relies on a simple plot to string together a series of gags, and tosses in a catch-phrase here and there in the hopes of gaining some staying power. While the film is entirely typical in this respect, it does manage a few surprises that make it fairly enjoyable.

At the film's outset, the two cops are partnered up to each other's dismay. Starsky (Ben Stiller) is a rough, overly emotional do-gooder, while Hutch (Owen Wilson) is a laid back irresponsible goof. Together, they are sent to investigate the death of a local drug dealer who washes up on the side of the river.

The first act of the film works well because the conflict between the two title characters, and the comedic chemistry between Wilson and Stiller, is believable and altogether funny. However, once the plot gets moving, and their investigating picks up, the film begins to fall back into a lot of clichés. The situations that Starsky and Hutch find themselves in become too over-the-



top, and many of the film's outlandish gags feel forced. In one instance Starsky inadvertently puts cocaine into his coffee, and ends up taking part in a bizarre night club dance competition. The scene not only comes off as a pointless tangent that is only necessary to fill the film's ninety-minute running time, but also as a cliché that was used as recently as last summer's *American Wedding*.

Also notable is the under usage of Vince Vaughn as the film's villain. He shines as the fast talking drug kingpin who opposes the heroes, and anytime he appears the film seems to regain its focus. It seems a shame that so much of the film's plot is devoted to meaningless sidetracks, and that more screen time wasn't given to Vaughn.

However, the film does manage several very funny moments, especially anytime they are forced to go undercover. The actors seem to use this to explore new comedic possibilities, and even offer up several memorable lines. I can't imagine anyone not at least giggling when Stiller, disguised as a wealthy businessman offers up the film's catch-phrase, "Do it. Do it".

Starsky & Hutch isn't anything new or groundbreaking. Some of its jokes are recycled, and others are just downright stupid. It even pales in comparison to other police comedies, such as the first *Naked Gun*. However, it is enjoyable, and many moments in the film are sure to get a good laugh. While it may not be anything new, it is worth seeing if you're in the mood for something light and funny.

[[Review]] Ionesco a go-go: Jack or the Submission

by Stephen Hutchison

At the start of the academic year, a friend of mine persuaded me to purchase season's tickets for Hart House Theatre. I am glad that she did so, as the productions have all been of very high quality; the Canadian historical drama, *Angélique*, in particular, stands out in my mind as excellent. My most "interesting" and, in many ways, most memorable, evening with Hart House Theatre was provided by the double-billed production of Eugene Ionesco's *The Bald Soprano* and *Jack or the Submission*, though perhaps not for all the right reasons. I am, however, happy to have experienced it.

The notes of director Dan Leberg reveal absolutely, at least on the part of the director, no lack of theatrical enthusiasm. "Some might consider Jack unperformable," Leberg announces, before boldly proclaiming, "I guess we will show them." Leberg's artistic bombast continues unabated throughout his notes. "I believe," he opines, "that the theatre must always bear in mind what sets it apart from other artistic disciplines, what are its limitations and infinite possibilities, and when can it work with another discipline to create something more... just, more." Wow.

The reader can imagine my anticipation to witness this remarkable piece of ambition. The presentation began with the opening act, *The Bald Soprano*. A man in a red costume danced the Charleston while music advocating cannibalism played in the background. Soon the man went off-stage and the lights in the theatre turned off for a period of time that seemed much too long to be a part of the script. As the audience's confusion slowly began to mount and its patience waned, the soothing voice of an unseen female was heard, reassuring audience members that the presentation was slowed by a "technical difficulty", and that the show would soon go on. Within a few minutes, during which the audience became exceedingly chatty, the female voice returned to offer what I can only hope was a more honest explanation, confessing that one of the performers was ill and that the presentation would resume within five minutes. What illness, I wondered, could so delay the show and yet be ameliorated in only 5 minutes?

The answer was, it would seem, none. After more than 5 minutes, the female voice returned once again to announce yet

another change of schedule. The audience would be offered *Jack or the Submission* first, and *The Bald Soprano* would follow. The production crew changed the set and the actors took to the stage. The lights were dimmed as a track from Godspeed you black emperor's *F#A# Infinitum*, extolling a romance in the looming shadow of the end of the world, was played. I got a kick out of hearing GYBEI, but other audience members might well have found the tactic to be heavy-handed.

Jack or the Submission was most certainly deserving of its label as absurdism, and the direction, production, costumes and acting were all effective in executing this point. The title character, Jack, sat elevated atop a wooden platform that was decorated with a scratched and mangled traffic sign, wearing a plain and loose fitting brown garb with, partially covering his green hair, a cap that looked like it came from the Soviet Union during the Cold War. His father was dressed in classic Victorian style, featuring a huge sash. His mother wore a bizarre mix of black and gold fabric that one might imagine being worn sixty or so years ago, while his sister wore a babyish pink dress and wore a two-headed doll that she abused incessantly. Jack's grandmother was visibly younger in appearance than was he, and his grandfather danced the can-can. Jack's fiancée rode into the scene on a bathtub but, despite her impressive entrance, Jack protested that she wasn't ugly enough for his taste. Such is all that I can write without spoiling too much of the plot; suffice it to say, however, that only the surface of the play's bizarreness has been described.

Towards the play's end I found myself searching for some sort of symbolic meaning within the ridiculousness, but could find only obfuscation. In retrospect I have come to believe that *Jack or the Submission* is Ionesco's attempt to insult his own audiences for being such inartistic philistines. In one scene, for example, Jack's father turns to every character to disown him or her, and then turns to the audience and bellows that he disowns it too.

Eventually *Jack or the Submission* concluded, and the play's cast was treated to polite applause from the audience. At this



Ionesco: Pondering or Ponderous?

point Leberg took the stage to inform the audience that the show, insofar as *The Bald Soprano* was concerned, would not be able to go on after all. "Any other production," he boasted, radiating with pomposity, "would surely have crumbled under the pressures that we've experienced." Leberg seemed completely unwilling to allow the fact that he failed to deliver on half of his presentation to prevent him from proclaiming absolute victory. He also informed us that we would be able to redeem our ticket stubs for a different showing of his production; I decided not to bother pursuing the offer, generous though it was.

"What," I exclaimed in a tone of bemused amusement, leaning back in my seat and facing the ceiling, "the hell was that?" "The play, or the director's speech?" asked my companion for the show, sitting to my right.

"Both," I answered, laughing. "I don't know," she replied, "I was hoping that you would be able to tell me."

"You clearly overestimate me," I returned, relieved that I was not alone in my cluelessness.

At the very least, I'm not likely to forget *Jack or the Submission* anytime soon.

[[Review]] Rhymesayers Schmyersayers by Josh Pineda

Eyedea and Abilities debut record, *EeA*, is the newest release from Epitaph records hip-hop imprint Rhymesayers. Eyedea and Abilities draws from the same influences as labelmates Atmosphere, but while Atmosphere's latest *Seven's Travels* was average, *EeA* is just awful. Eyedea and Abilities can't decide whether they want to sound like Quannum or Def Jux, and their indecision translates into an album that sounds like peanut butter and orange juice. Eyedea sounds like a weird combination of Aesop Rock's voice and that little dude from Making of the Bund's flow, and raps mostly about failed relationships and how crappy people are. DJ Abilities' production tries to get both the Quannumish laid-back groove as well as EP's densely layered vibe, but the end results sound discordant and cluttered. The album's one bright production spot is Paradise, with its flute sample and bass driven Souls of Mischief type groove, but apparently Eyedea hasn't met a beat he can't ruin with a shitty hook. This album sounds like backpackerish record geek doodles. Putting it bluntly, if this CD was a girl, I wouldn't fuck her with your dick.

[[Review]] You Got Served by Matthew Lau

Preface: *You Got Served*, according to the Internet Movie Database, is a film that "follows the competitive world of street dancing where crews battle each other for money and respect", starring teenage rap artists with names like J-Boog, Lil Fizz, Raz B, Do Knock, and Wicket.

Back in highschool

I used to work at this children's camp during the summer. It consisted of an initial three weeks of day camps, during which we learnt crafts, sang songs and played sports together. For the final week, however, we took about 40 of the older ones to a campsite by a farm, where we cooked our own food, washed our dishes, and spent the rest of the time playing—you know, sort of like residence life in university.

The week went by without much trouble. That is, until two of the boys decided—for reasons I am still unable to speculate—to experimentally investigate the maximum capacity of toilet paper that a given toilet can flush out.

The boys needed very few tries to accomplish their mission, I imagine; the toilet was snick before they could be caught. The situation was aggravated when—for reasons I am

also unable to speculate—the children, one by one, continued to utilize the toilet, for the entire range of business that a functional toilet normally sustains. When we finally discovered the problem, it was already all over the place—try not to imagine.

With much despair and deathly misery, we staff members made overalls out of garbage bags, and marched into the torture that awaited us. The washroom was a small one, the ventilation was offensively terrible, and what must have been days' worth of human excrement was literally flooding the floor. Because of the nature of such excrement (I prefer not to go into details here), there was no way to clean up the place except to—oh believe it—scoop, slowly, everything from the floor. With our hands.

We spent the whole evening on our knees, breathing in fumes that were not tolerable by any human standard, and manually removing every bit of disgusting matter that was festering on the floor. We skipped dinner that night.

That experience was probably more pleasant than watching *You Got Served*.



Rock & Roll...

continued from page 12

Stories and Allis sounds big and confident and will probably rock your socks off if you're a melodic hardcore kinda person. Conviction and loud guitars are always a good sign. Emo-style lyrics are maybe not so good. But these guys are a real deal working band. They played on the VANS Warped Tour. Before their recent show at the Reverb I was gonna talk with 'em.

In true rock and roll fashion I got to talk to them after an hour of waiting around. Their manager Tex (who looked a lot more like a Chad) set me up with the band's lead singer and main songwriter, Andrew Jordan.

I wanted to get the real deal, nail the sucker. But he's just 23, a year older than me. I'm sitting in my parent's house writing this after eating a home-cooked meal. He's far from home, putting it out there night after night. I decided to go with my prepared questions.

Their album was really personal in nature. When I think of punk rock I think of bands like the Clash, the Sex Pistols and the Minutemen, bands that got their energy by responding to politics and society's effect on individuals. These days it seems to be more about personal feelings, journal entry stuff. Where's the politics? What does punk mean to Matchbook Romance?

Andrew explained that, to him, punk is "basically saying 'fuck the way things are supposed to be, and do your own thing.' I'm not so into political punk rock 'cause I don't understand what it's gonna change. You're gonna piss off a bunch of kids and they're gonna be like 'fuck the government' and then they're gonna walk out and say 'oh shit I got school tomorrow.' What's it really gonna do? If they enjoy it they should do it. I'd rather write about things that can really help people. A lot of people think it's lame but I'd rather write about love and romance, things that people can relate to."

That struck me as sort of a punk textbook answer, but he seemed sincere. If he believes it, that's what it is. But they gotta make money, right? When I asked him about the sticky subject of the internet, Andrew seemed ambivalent. "I used to think downloading sucks, but out of an entire crowd maybe fifty percent bought your album, but they all bought tickets; they're here. They're all gonna buy your fucking merch too."

That last bit didn't sound too punk, but he told me that he was appreciative that people chose to show up to support them, regardless of whether or not they bought the album. Again, sounds a little cheesy, but he's a hell of a fader if he didn't mean what he said. But what about juicier topics? Rock and Roll myths? He dispelled one I was particularly interested in. He set down his version of what it was like to be out on the road, a gang of young guys in a band. "When we finally did get out on the road, it wasn't what exactly we expected. Everybody thinks a band is going backstage and getting completely fucked up, all girls and strippers. It's not even like that. Maybe if you're a rock and roll god it's gonna happen like that. For a band like us, girls don't want the support band — they want the headliner. They'll hang out with us until we hang out with those guys. Band smuts we call 'em. We hate 'em.'"

So much for that myth. He felt the most positive thing about touring were the more noble pursuits: "As a band, getting tighter. And meeting our fans. I had a fan show me scars on their wrist and say we helped them stop. I couldn't believe it." Beautiful? Melodramatic? It's the former — at least to the believers.

Andrew was a nice guy. I wanted the show to be good so I wouldn't have to write anything negative. He may have dispelled a myth or too, but he upheld some stuff I wanted to

hear upheld. He wants to get better. He cares about the fans who care about him. His music helped save a life. Music saves a lotta lives. On with the show!

The show sounded like a less precise but more passionate version of the album. Precision or passion, pick your poison. The crowd was so young it made me feel old — teenage kids. But they were having a great time. The band has a lot of sincerity and skill, but I had a hard time connecting with them. It seems like their whole bag is to go full-on all the time. I don't mean that there weren't any musical dynamics, because there were. But there wasn't much mystery or emotional subtlety.



The boys of Romance

Maximum impact — *Italics* **BOLD!**

Maybe that's also what made me feel a little old. When I was seventeen or eighteen it probably did seem like everything hit the hardest all the time; when I was sad it seemed like it was gonna last forever. I was listening to the stuff that got me through my shit. That's what these kids are doing. A couple years down the road it's a little easier to recognize the highs and lows for what they are. Peaks and valleys turn to plateaus.

All things must pass. The quiet Beatle said that. He was right. Andrew from Matchbook Romance wore a Beatles shirt on stage that night. When talking about his own music he said "If you're into that style it'll work." And that's true too.

I spoke with the singer of a working band. I watched some kids go off. Dirty clubs, loud guitars, interviews, bullshit, roadies, idiocy, kids, punks, Beatles, Matchbook Romance, you, me, our band could be your life. Elvis. The King is dead. Long live Rock.

Sex Tips for Modern Girls

[[Review]] by Josh Pineda

Ok, before I start doing this I'm gonna admit that I'm friends with the stage manager so this review might be biased. Ok. Ready, go. This production walks the line between fun and cheesy, landing right for the most part but occasionally falling into the cheesy side when it gets either too earnest or too hammy. Fun stuff: dancing, giant foam genitalia and contraceptive costumes, slow-motion high school basketball re-enactments, and weird fairy tales with Italian accents. Cheesy stuff: mime show, occasional overacting, and the decision to transform the piano player from Petr Elliot Weiss' original script into a transvestite bartender.

All in all though, the play was fun and major props have gotta go out to Stage Blue for the innovative set design and all the hard work they must have done squeezing what they could out of an outdated script. Although the neat resolution at the end of the play seemed a little too easy, *Sex Tips for Modern Girls* is extremely watch-able when things were kept frothy. I had a great time watching this play. Oh yeah, I almost forgot: the stage management was excellent!

[[Review]] Pulley:Matters

by Francis Bourqui

Pulley is bloody awesome! I'll admit that this review will be a bit biased since, unless they get turntables and start freestyling, I won't stop liking them. They could get an accordion and I would still be happy. But I have to admit that I was hoping that this CD would redeem their last effort, with which I was slightly disappointed. Unfortunately, they did not redeem themselves, but neither did they do any wrong.

This disc is slower than their previous efforts, and definitely lacks their trademark power and energy; but, in fairness, the music still retains the same catchy melodic sound that still makes me tap my foot and nod my head. Lead singer Scott Radinsky definitely has one of the coolest voices in punk rock, and can still deliver quality, emotionally-driven lyrics. If you really want to get to know Pulley, and I recommend you do, go out and get one of their earlier albums — only then will you understand why I love them so much.



Pulley rocks the party.

[[Review]]

stereolab

Margarine Eclipse

by Joel Elliott

Chance deals some bittersweet cards. Just over a year after lead vocalist and co-songwriter (with founding member Tim Gane) Mary Hansen died tragically in a traffic accident, Stereolab has reassembled with a fully rejuvenated sense of creative energy. Guitar player Lucinda Sander has moved up to the vocal position, and the bilingual French space lounge post-rock outfit has picked up right where 2001's *Sound Dust* left off.

It is compelling to see how the dynamics of a band change after experiencing such tragedy. While one might expect the political reflections which have generally characterized Stereolab's music to turn frustrated or emotionally distraught, they have instead gained a much less detached relationship to their philosophy, and most surprisingly, remain defiantly upbeat. You can see it in their lyrics: "See the spot that concerns us all/The universal place/Common ground/Common space," from the track, "Cosmic Country Noir." The concept appears to be a search for a commonality among the paradox of conflict that characterizes human interactions.

Stereolab has always managed to conflate lyrical philosophy with their musical innovations, and this approach is marked more clearly in *Margarine* than any of their near-dozen albums. The layered atmosphere of harmonic vocals, percussion, and perfectly-blended guitars and organs is the result of complete separation between left speaker and right speaker recording, which makes for an interesting experiment in de-constructing the music through the alteration of the balance control on a stereo.

One of Stereolab's most concentrated and stimulating albums to date, *Margarine Eclipse* simultaneously invites a rigorous analysis of its composition, and rewards a close listen with beautiful and inspiring musical landscapes.



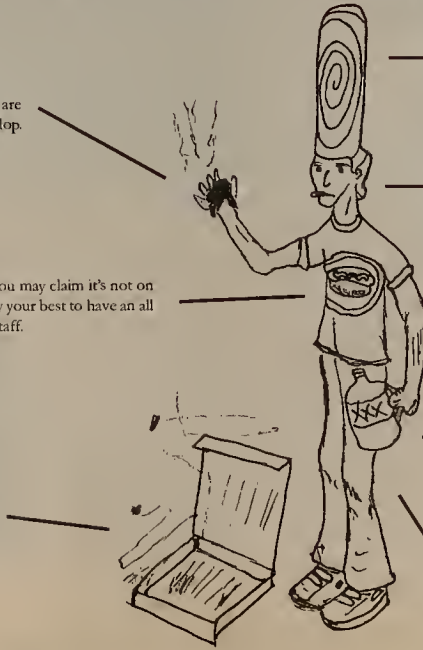
Occasionally, people come to our Office and ask us, "Herald, Why can't you be more like The Gargoyle? Damn, those guys are fun-ny! I just love Dan and Sharmina's Poetry Korner and sometimes I piss myself from laughing at their JCR Personals. Man, that time when that comic kid made fun of you and that other time when they published articles about their asses and that other time when they took old photos and blew them up to make up for their lack of content and huge budget and..." You get the picture. And so did we. Here at the Herald, we bow to the common denominator whenever possible and have decided to make drastic changes in order to learn...

How to Become... the gargoyle

Always have mud handy and ready to sling at anyone who moves. Skinny, writer-ly arms are still able to pack quite the wallop. Yikes, we felt that one.

Although you may claim it's not on purpose, try your best to have an all "sausage" staff.

Pizza also leads to mad inspiration and attracts plenty of flies to fill your basement office with their delightful buzzing melody. The smell is a bonus!



Two words: Jason. Keefer.

Eyes are bloodshot from all-nighters and marijuana smoke. They're also in perma-glare and looking for targets at which to fling said mud. This perma-glare adds wrinkles to already-pallid skin lightened from months of working in basement office. Somehow, however, face still remains cute and able to attract lots of lady-luv.

Now 15% more sensitive!

Booze is a great way to make sure your excessive budget doesn't go to any other student activities...It also leads to mad inspiration!

Oh no! Poor Gargoyle forgot his trenchcoat at home and now his Chuck Taylors are gonna get wet on the walk back to his co-op!



Six Panels by Jared Michael Bryer

